

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARCH 14, 1920

The Revenge that Came to Joe Winnuchus.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

I WANT ye to keep that dog tied up, Joe," snarled Enoch Bartlett, stepping up to Joe Winnuchus, a young Indian who was on the point of starting off with gun and dog. "I caught him worryin' my sheep yesterday. If I'd had a gun with me I'd have killed him on the spot."

Joe's answer was a grunt, and calling to his dog, he leashed him and followed the tugging bird-dog into the woodland. There was an ugly look in his face that boded no good to Bartlett. The latter noted it, and later, thinking it over, it worried him not a little. In fact it troubled him so much that chancing to meet the local constable, he spoke to him about the Indian.

"Are ye sure it was Joe's dog?" questioned the constable, looking keenly at the farmer.

"I thought it was," replied Bartlett. "It looked a good deal like him."

"I'm afraid ye made a mistake, Enoch," said the officer. "Always seemed to me like a good, clever dog—a blamed sight more clever than the Injun. It would have been jest as well for ye to have kept quiet, Enoch. Ye never know jest what an Injun will do if ye get him riled."

The fall and winter passed and summer came again, but although the Indian from time to time chanced to meet Bartlett, he refused to acknowledge the latter's greeting. On the whole, Bartlett found himself paying dear for his imprudent words, when peace of mind was considered.

As a matter of fact Joe was merely biding his time. He kept his dog tied up the most of the time, for although he was confident that it was not his dog that troubled the sheep, he was unwilling to take any chances of having him shot. He hoped and believed that the day would come when revenge would be his, not through any act of his, but rather through failure to act on his part.

Bartlett carried on the largest farm in Holton. He owned something like fifteen hundred acres of land, and it was no uncommon thing for him to have three or four hundred acres in tillage. Southern corn was his main crop. That spring he planted two hundred acres of it in one field. The middle of September when the harvest was at hand that great cornfield was a magnificent sight. Eighteen

to twenty feet high, it was a veritable jungle.

"Keep out o' that corn, son!" warned Bartlett, the day that the harvesting commenced, calling to his boy, a child of six years, who was playing on the edge of the cornfield. "If ye got lost in there, there wouldn't be much chance o' gettin' out alive."

An hour later the boy was missing. None of the harvest hands recalled seeing him for a considerable length of time. Bartlett sent a man up to the house to see if the child had returned home, and

"Enoch's boy is in there for the night," he heard one of the men remark. "I doubt if we find him alive. It may be days before we run across him."

At last it had come—the revenge that the Indian had longed for. Joe called to his dog and stooping down stroked the knowing animal's head. The Indian uttered a grunt of satisfaction. He knew that it was within his power to locate the child with the aid of his dog. That which he had hoped for had come to pass—revenge through inaction. While the shouting in the cornfield continued, Joe resumed his journey homeward.

Fifteen minutes later Joe entered his cabin and tossed on the table a half-dozen partridges which he had shot that day. As he did so he caught sight of a gaily-colored basket which hung on the wall, a basket which had been hanging there for nearly a year. The sight of it caused the Indian to hark back to the day he wove it. He had it with him the day that Bartlett had threatened to shoot his dog. At the time he was on his way to Bartlett's house, intent upon giving the basket to the boy who was now lost in the corn.

Somehow the sight of the basket caused the glamour of his pictured revenge to pall. Lonely himself, he had enjoyed the chatter of the little fellow, who from time to time he chanced to meet, and now all at once the father faded into the background and the child loomed up. After all, there was something wrong with that kind of a revenge. Joe voiced a grunt of impatience and pulling on his cap, called to his dog.

With a determined stride the Indian hastened from the cabin, his dog "to heel." In less than ten minutes he was at Bartlett's house.

"Give Joe boy shoe," he commanded, addressing Bartlett's wife, who had answered his summons.

The weeping woman stared at him at a loss to understand his strange request.

"Give Joe boy shoe," repeated the Indian. "Dog smell shoe; find boy."

Light breaking, the mother darted into the house and a moment later returned with the child's shoe.

"Joe bring back boy," said the Indian, taking the shoe and picking up his lantern which he had set on the step. "No cry. Joe bring back boy to squaw."

When the Indian reached the edge of the cornfield where the work of harvesting had commenced, he stooped and searched until he found what he wanted—a tiny footprint in the soft loam.



By Linnea J. Norberg.

FOUND!

fifteen minutes later, learning that his boy was not there, a systematic search was started in the corn. For three hours the field rang with the shouts of the men, but there was no answering cry, and no sound was heard save the echoes from the distant hills and the rustle of the corn.

Bartlett was frantic. Not only was his boy likely to die of exposure, for as night came on apace there was a decided chill in the air, but two days previous a bear was seen emerging from the corn.

Just at dusk Joe Winnuchus, homeward bound from a gunning trip after partridge, heard the shouts of the men. He wondered what the trouble was, and as he passed the end of the cornfield nearest the highway, he paused to listen.

"Jim, go fetch!" he commanded, allowing his dog to smell of the shoe.

Instantly the dog was off, his nose to the ground. For a few moments he ran about along the edge of the corn, not fast, but painstakingly, the careful searching of the trained hunter. Presently he moved in between the rows of corn and the Indian followed. To the right Joe heard the constant cries of the men. He heard Bartlett's shout from time to time. Gradually the cries died away in the distance, for the dog was leading his master far to the left, directly into the centre of the great field.

Holding his lantern down close to the ground, the Indian found from time to time that which he expected to see—a child's footprint, and a feeling of pride filled his heart, pride in the one creature on earth that really loved him.

Suddenly he came upon the dog. The noble animal was standing rigid, his tail outstretched, his long muzzle pointing at an object less than ten feet distant. The Indian stooped and patted him, and an instant later tenderly picked up Bartlett's boy. Sound asleep he was, so sound asleep that he did not awake when Joe laid him across his shoulder and followed his dog, now homeward bound, his nose unerringly keeping the trail.

It was a long journey, fully a half-mile through that jungle of corn, but at length Joe emerged from the field, and paying no attention to the men who were still searching, their cries coming to him from near and far, he strode toward the house. The hunger for revenge still lingered within his breast, and now he was having it. He heard the agonized voice of the father, and recognizing it he grunted with satisfaction.

Suddenly he heard the shrill cry of a woman. He needed no one to tell him that it was the mother of the child. He stopped short, and, wheeling, cupped his right hand about his lips.

"Found!"

His was the voice of a trumpet. Out across the cornfield that one word floated, across the meadows to the distant hillsides, and back came the echo—"Found."

There he waited. He heard the rustling of the corn as the scores of searchers neared the spot where he was standing. Presently he saw the flickering of numerous lanterns and then he heard a woman's voice.

"Danny!"

"Here!"

It was the Indian who answered, and holding up his lantern, he awaited the coming of the mother.

"Joe glad make squaw happy," remarked the Indian, laying the child in her arms.

Tears streaming down her cheeks, she started to thank him, but he interrupted her.

"No thank Joe," he said. "Thank Jim. Jim good dog. Jim find little boy."

The mother dropped on her knees and caressed the dog, and the hard look in the Indian's eyes, which came when he saw Bartlett approaching, softened.

"Joe, I want to thank ye," choked Bartlett, holding out his hand. "I can't do no more'n that to-night."

For a moment the Indian seemed irresolute. He drew himself up to his full height and regarded Bartlett with blazing eyes. The fire faded. He looked down

at his dog. He wavered. Slowly his right hand moved toward the proffered one, and an instant later they had gripped.

"Brothers!" said the Indian.

"Brothers!" answered Bartlett, thickly.

The following day, Bartlett, while the Indian was off hunting, noting the fact that Joe's cabin-roof was in bad shape, sent up several rolls of the best tarred paper, supplementing the gift with a pair of the best wool blankets he could purchase and four cords of hard wood.

At dusk the Indian returned. He saw the big pile of cordwood, the tarred paper and blankets, and stepping into his cabin, he reached up and took down the little colored basket which had hung there so long. He brushed off the dust, and with his dog at his heels, he made his way back to Bartlett's house.

"For Danny," he said simply, handing the basket to Mrs. Bartlett. "Joe make basket long time 'go."

History was the subject which the class was studying, and presently the teacher asked, "Now, can any of you tell me who Joan of Arc was?" Profound silence. Some of the children looked in thoughtful speculation at the teacher, while others stared wildly around the room as if in hopes that the maps on the walls might answer the question. Then suddenly a hand waved wildly in the air, and a small boy shouted gleefully, "Please, teacher, Noah's wife!"

Why a Bird's Bones are Different.

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS.

"WHAT a queer thing a chicken's breastbone is, anyway" exclaimed Albert, as he looked at the remains of the fowl that had been carved for dinner. "The skeleton Uncle Henry showed me at the doctor's office didn't have any such bone. And I know dogs and cats don't have either, for I've felt of them to see."

"That's because they are not birds," laughed Aunt Edith.

"Do birds all have breastbones like a chicken's?" questioned her nephew.

"All birds that fly do. It requires powerful muscles to operate a bird's wings and to keep its body in the air. And these muscles must have a place of attachment; so the projection, called the 'keel,' has been provided for that purpose on the breastbones of birds. Birds that use their wings most have larger keels, and those that use them less, smaller ones. The ostrich, which never flies at all, has scarcely any. Have you any idea what bird has the largest of all for its size?"

"Well," returned Albert, after a moment's thought, "I don't know whether it is the largest of all or not, but I do know that the keel—as you call it—of a pigeon is a great deal larger for its size than that of a chicken. I remember noticing when we had squabs for dinner."

"Yes, a pigeon does have a large keel, for it uses its wings a great deal and has powerful flight muscles. But the tiniest of all birds is the one with the most wonderful wing muscles, and consequently the greatest keel for its size."

"You mean the humming bird?" questioned Albert, in surprise.

"Yes, the humming bird. Haven't you

noticed how fast a humming bird's wings move when it is suspended in the air over a flower?"

"Yes, I have. They go so fast I can hardly see them."

"It is said that the wing-beats of this tiny creature are often as rapid as a thousand a minute. So they must be controlled by powerful muscles, even though they are so small. If old biddy and the hummer had bodies the same size, the keel of the latter would be two or three hundred times as big as that of the hen. So you see, while the breastbone of a chicken is large compared with that of animals that walk on all fours or use their upper limbs only for arms, it is really small when compared with that of other winged creatures."

"There are some other things different about a chicken's bones, too, that I have noticed," said Albert. "One is that it doesn't have a long string of little bones down the back like the skeleton at the doctor's office. Is there a reason for that too?"

"There certainly is. Our bones must be flexible to enable us to do the work required of us more easily. But not so with a bird; and for flight, it is better that its body be rigid. So many of the vertebrae—as the small bones of the back are called—have grown together in the bird. This is not the case, however, with those in the bird's neck. There are many uses for which this needs to be flexible, and we find the neck bones of birds quite different to those of other creatures. There are more of them, and they fit together in such a manner that the head can be turned and twisted about in all sorts of ways."

"I've noticed that about birds," interposed the boy. "The swans at the park can almost make figure eights out of their necks; and most all birds sleep with their heads behind their wings. I couldn't get my head behind my arm, I'm sure."

"No indeed, you couldn't," laughed his aunt. "But nature has enabled the bird to do that, that its tender eyes and nostrils may be protected in that way against severe cold. But do you know that while the giraffe has a very long neck, it has only half as many neck bones as the sparrow?"

"No, I didn't know. How queer!"

"In one way it may seem queer, but in another it is not. A giraffe uses his neck mostly for reaching up, so it does not need to be flexible like a bird's."

"There is at least one other thing about the bones of a bird that makes it the better fitted for flight; that is their lightness. In all birds' bodies, connected with their lungs, are numerous air-sacs; and these in turn are connected by small tubes with the bone cavities, which are not filled with marrow like those of other animals. When a bird wishes to rise from the ground, it fills both air-sacs and bone cavities with air, and when it wishes to descend suddenly, it expels the air and drops like a ball. A water-bird does the same thing when it sinks out of sight under the surface of the pond where it has been floating."

"Well, I never knew all that before," asserted Albert. "I'll be more interested than ever in watching the birds, now that I know more about how they are made to suit the way they live."

Maribel's Garden of Remembrance

THE FOURTH "MARIBEL" STORY.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.



LOIS HARVEY'S quick eyes noticed the look first, but Maribel's practical brain sought at once for a remedy.

"Your mother seems tired to-night," Lois had said one winter evening as she parted from her friend at the Martin door.

"Mothers are always tired nights, aren't they?" asked Maribel, in return.

"I suppose so," agreed Lois. "Now, I don't really know what that word means, though I get tremendously sleepy sometimes when I'm up later than usual."

"Same here," replied Maribel. "Do you think Mother looks any more tired than usual?"

"I think she does. My mother and the neighbors have spoken of it lately, too," said Lois, before she tramped down the path.

Maribel went back to the living-room with a sober face, and for the next few days watched her mother closely. Mrs. Martin's energetic figure *was* apt to droop a little when evening came, and at times, after a hard day, her ready smile came less often than usual. Then Maribel began to look about for reasons.

There was a very pleasant social life in Heathfield, and the Martin young folks were just the right age to enjoy it all. Only Maribel frequently had to stay at home to study, because lessons did not come easy to her. Many nights, Ben, Francis, and Josephine hurried to dress for some gathering and were off soon after supper, leaving every-day wear in a huddle behind them. "They don't pick up after themselves at all," decided Maribel. "That makes Mother a great many steps."

So Maribel started a campaign in which she informed her sister and brothers of their remissness and *ordered* them to reform. This only made them angry and elicited the suggestion that she first reform herself. Maribel had been slightly careless, but honestly tried to leave no fault to be found with herself, and patiently picked up after the others, though her mother seemed still increasingly weary.

One day an idea struck Maribel. "Are boys as bright as girls?" she innocently asked her mother.

"Sometimes they don't seem to be," replied Mrs. Martin, gravely.

"Then maybe the poor things can't learn to be tidy and pick up after themselves," said mischief-loving Maribel. "In that case, I'll clean up and hang up their possessions. But, boys," she added, growing suddenly sober, "can't we find some way to help matters? You know Mother isn't well and she does get so tired."

"Got a scheme in your head?" inquired Ben, ready to agree to anything at that plea.

"Suppose we put a Remembrance Box on the dining-room mantel, and fine every one but Mother five cents every single time I pick up anything out of place."

"All right; go ahead. That's fair enough," said Ben, looking at his brother and older sister, who nodded approval. "Going to buy a gold mine with the fines?" he laughed.

"No," declared Maribel, "I'll buy something nice for Mother when we get enough."

All this had happened in the winter, and the Remembrance Box was growing heavy when spring came. Mother Martin, more worn than ever, seldom spoke or thought of herself, and as yet Maribel did not know what her mother wanted most. Only a calamity out of the ordinary would have divulged the fact. Mother's strength had failed until the whole family were compelled to notice it. At last Father called in the doctor, who after a thorough examination decided a minor operation was necessary. This would enforce a stay of four or five days at the Brothwell Hospital, because nobody at home had skill or judgment to care for her just right. Certain relief would come, and in a few weeks she would be stronger than she had felt for a long time.

Father was greatly alarmed at the idea, but Mother's good sense steadied them all. She began planning the work at home to be as easy for the girls as possible, and showed no nervousness at all until the last evening. Then she welcomed Maribel's suggestion that Mrs. Harvey be asked to bring her sewing and spend the evening.

The Harveys, for Lois and Avis came with their books, had just one idea in mind, and Mrs. Harvey happily talked gardening. Then Mother confessed to this friendly neighbor that a flower-garden had always been the desire of her heart. "No fancy beds like those they have at Mr. Monroe's, but just a long border, with the dear old perennials. I would have plants that will give blossoms from early spring until frost," explained Mrs. Martin, wistfully.

"Why don't you have one, then?" asked Mrs. Harvey. "Your children can do the work, as mine do. It will be good for them, and you can have your wish."

"Father wants the chickens to run loose, as they always have, and you can't have a garden and chickens, too," said Mother, with conviction. "He says chickens aren't happy unless they're free, and certainly no hens in the neighborhood lay like ours."

The Harvey girls and Maribel went to the kitchen to make fudge when lessons were finished, and the boys and Josephine followed while they held an excited conference.

"Let's buy wire to fence the chickens out," suggested Ben, and the other Mar-

tins hailed the idea with joy. "Look here, girls," went on Ben, "we fellows will make that garden, if you can get anything to put in it."

"The neighbors all have just such plants as your mother wants, and I know they'll give you roots. It's just the time of year to transplant most things, and Mr. Hale will advise us," said Lois, confidently. Miss Nan's father was gardener for Mr. Monroe, the factory-owner, and was the local authority on flowers.

"If you'll come with me to-morrow, we'll go begging for plants," said Maribel, shyly. Lois agreed at once, and the boys decided to spade up a plot eight by twenty, and borders along the narrow path to the road.

You may be sure those next days were busy ones. Maribel and Josephine had to do the housework their capable mother usually did. Maribel had her lessons to prepare and reporter's work to do, besides visiting Mother at the hospital. Still they found a way, and the whole village helped.

"We don't want Mother to know a thing about it until it's all done," Maribel told every one. "She can't come home until Saturday night."

But the garden was coming rapidly into existence. The "begging" expedition had furnished nearly enough plants for the space that the boys had spaded up. Some treasures were to be had only from the Monroe gardens, and Maribel, who hated to ask favors though always ready to grant them, absolutely refused to ask Miss Monroe or let Lois do so. Still she evidently coveted those flowers for the new garden. Lois only smiled and dropped a hint in the gardener's hearing, with the result that he promised such roots as could well be spared.

Miss Nan offered plants of her favorite snow and clove pinks, the spicy fragrance of which scent many an old garden. The Hale beds also furnished roots of columbines in various colors, and Miss Nan said: "My father says you can have baby plants of Japan pinks and petunias that are coming up 'thick as spatter.' We have enough to set an acre and only need a couple of dozen."

Old Mrs. Mayhew offered a clump of her day lily and gave them besides several old-fashioned chrysanthemums. "They won't blossom until nearly the time that snow flies," she remarked. "You'll have flowers on them as late as possible."

Mrs. Delancy offered a slip of her coral begonia that was always in bloom and rooted so easily, too. She gladly divided her clump of goldenglow to share with them. The Whitmans, ever ready to help, sent a plant of perennial larkspur that blossoms the entire season, some pansy plants and sunny coreopsis.

The Harvey garden yielded clumps of hardy phlox. "This will bloom into the fall and give you late flowers," Mrs. Harvey said. Mr. Hale showed Ben Martin how to take up a rose-bush or two with a great shovelful of earth so the bush would never know it had been moved. Groups of jonquils as well were carefully transferred to the new garden.

Still there were open spaces for only small plants had been set in the two long beds on each side of the narrow path. Then Mr. Hale and his wheelbarrow appeared with these things from the Monroe



THE BEACON CLUB

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OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

40 PLEASANT STREET,
AMHERST, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school of Amherst. Our minister is Mr. Henry G. Ives, and my Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Utter. We have just finished all the stories in order in the Old Testament and are beginning in the New. I am in the third class at Sunday school; it is the highest class.

I am eleven years old and am in the high-sixth grade at school.

Our Sunday school has *The Beacons* for all of us every Sunday. I like the puzzles of *The Beacon* very much, and I should like to join the Beacon Club and wear the button. I am enclosing a puzzle which I hope you will accept.

Yours truly,
ELLEN MORSE.

SNOWDEN, VA.

Dear Miss Buck,—We would like to become members of the Beacon Club and wear the button. Our ages are fourteen and nine years. One of our friends sends us *The Beacon*, which we enjoy very much, especially the Recreation Corner.

Sincerely yours,
MARY AND WINIFRED TREVEY.

gardens. A clump of anemones,—“the earliest sure thing for spring blooming,” he explained,—plants of sweet-william, several hollyhock seedlings, some iris, a red and a pink geranium. Also he had a queer sideways-growing green and white plant with blossoms like a two-story tiger lily. “Nobody ‘round here can find out the name. Mr. Monroe used to know, but he has forgotten,” remarked Mr. Hale, casually, as he unloaded the last.

Josephine bought some sweet-pea seed that was really the first thing planted. “Mother loves the fragrant flowers, and nothing is sweeter,” said the older sister.

“Unless it’s heliotrope, and Mother is fond of Mrs. Mayhew’s lemon verbenas. Don’t you remember how pleased she is when the old lady sends her a sprig?” asked Maribel.

Father had apparently taken scant interest in the garden, which he seemed to think was all foolishness. Mother had never had a garden before, and why make such a fuss about one now? Yet the enthusiasm of the others must have proved catching, for Father cut short his Friday evening visit at the hospital to stop at the greenhouse, and came home with a flourishing heliotrope and a tiny lemon verbenas. “Here, take ‘em,” he commanded awkwardly, handing them to Maribel. “I had to be represented in that wonderful garden you’re makin’.”

Mother came home Saturday evening and was carried into the house and put right to bed, but was downstairs on the old lounge Sunday morning. She looked around the familiar room with satisfaction, and at her children’s affectionate faces. Then her glance wandered to the window, and she saw the new wire fence with its tiny gate leading to a brown

space dotted with green things that promised later to be plants.

“What’s that?” she demanded, as one who cannot believe her eyes.

“Your garden,” said Ben.

“You said you wanted one,” put in Maribel, to whom that was ample reason for all their loving work.

Then there was a little jubilee. They all talked at once, and it was some time before Mother quite understood all of her riches and how many friends had contributed. Being still weak, she fell asleep exhausted with pleasure and gratitude, but smiled even as she slept.

“That’s Mother’s Garden of Remembrance,” said Maribel, softly. “We can think of our friends every time we see it.” “And how long she wanted it, and what fun it was to make it for her,” added Josephine.

“The fence will jog our memories when we fellows feel like leaving our possessions all over the place,” laughed Ben.

“That garden is the best job you children ever did,” Father told his family before fall. “Your mother’s never enjoyed anything so much, and she was willing to keep still and watch those things grow, so got strong without fretting ‘cause she had to keep quiet for a spell.”

“My garden has something new to show me every day,” put in Mother. “It suggests pleasant thoughts, too, every time I look at it.”

Seek Love in the pity of others’ woe,

In the gentle relief of another’s care,
In the darkness of night and the winter’s snow,

With the naked and outcast seek Love there.

29 DORR STREET,
ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am very much interested in *The Beacon* and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

We always look forward to *The Beacon* on Sunday.

Some of the stories are very clever. I am eight years old and am a member of the First Church, John Elliot Square, Roxbury, Mass., and Rev. Miles Hanson is our pastor.

Yours truly,
JAMES C. DALY.

Other new members of our Club are Elizabeth N. Sargent, South Nashua, N.H.; Della A. Verdier, Charleston, S.C.; Ruth Washburn, Meadville, Pa. New members in Massachusetts are Helen Corkum, Billerica; Emily R. Atwood, Brant Rock; Virginia Haley, Brighton; Esther Ellen Wilkins, Carlisle; Franklin A. and Roger Wilson, Chestnut Hill; Ruth and Ellsworth Massey, East Boston; Kenneth Bennett, Hubbardston; Sarah Brown Woodbury, Hudson; Madeline Fox and Mary Hussey, Lowell; Marian J. Barnes, Marlboro; Walter Helms, Roslindale; Elizabeth Nicholson, Watertown; Donald Brayton, West Medford.



RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 13, 29, 15, 16, 10, is compassion.
My 2, 6, 17, is food for horses.
My 1, 26, 20, is a color.
My 22, 3, 6, 25, 23, are rents.
My 4, 5, 9, 8, 14, is an adverb meaning entirely.
My 21, 12, is a preposition.
My 7, 18, 30, is a cover.
My 28, 11, 27, 19, 3, is a loud sound.
My 24, 14, 28, is a number.
My whole is a quotation from Shakespeare.
GERTRUDE A. MCINTYRE.

ENIGMA L.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 7, 15, 12, is not lost.
My 5, 4, 2, 8, 14, is not small.
My 1, 6, 15, 4, 1, 2, is a boy’s name.
My 2, 8, 14, is not to fast.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, is part of the leg.
My 3, 10, is an exclamation.
My 13, 15, 16, 6, means not here.
My whole was a great fighter and farmer.
RICHARD WILLIS.

REARRANGED WORDS.

1. I am a word of five letters, meaning a weapon.
2. Rearrange my letters and I become fruit.
3. Arrange again and I am thin.
4. Arrange again and get the present tense of a verb meaning to peel.
5. Arrange again and get the present tense of a verb meaning to cut grain.

E. A. C.

A RIDDLE.

Though motionless, from shore to shore
They pass, as all men know;
And but for them few travelers
Could a far journey go.
Their usual place is ‘neath your feet,
But do not show surprise
When the next person that you meet
Has one between his eyes.

Youth’s Companion.

MORE HIDDEN BIBLE CITIES AND TOWNS.

1. Hush! a rondeau is being played.
2. A butterfly or a moth flew by.
3. He bronzed the lamp.
4. Philip pined to conquer the world.
5. This scratch is a mar, I am sure.
6. My uncle owns nine vehicles.
7. The hero met death bravely.
8. Pure milk is healthy.

E. A. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLV.—Willow Place Chapel.

ENIGMA XLVI.—Blessed are the meek.

THREE-LETTER WORD SQUARES.—

I.	II.	III.
FAN	HOT	EAT
ATE	ORE	ARE
NET	TEA	TEA

ODD TRANSFORMATIONS.—1. Valley, alley.
2. Palace, place.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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